



WHICH BRAND?

THE NEW YEAR.—Have something on me, old man! What'll it be?



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Cartoons and Comments

HYMN-BOOK IMMORALITY.

News has come from distant Kansas that some of our hymns are immoral. Not in words do they offend the pure, but in music; there being among them, so we learn, six waltzes, two two-steps, and seventeen polkas—a truly ribald array. "Shall we gather by the river" is one brazen culprit, and "God be with you till we meet again" is another. These, with twenty-three more, were caught with the notes on by a vigilant Kansas theologian and torn bodily from the hymnal, lest their vicious influence spread and the spotless suffer. Six waltzes—dreamy, devilish waltzes; two two-steps—alluring, diabolical two-steps; seventeen polkas—kicky, iniquitous polkas; what fearful proof of moral depravity! It is bad enough to dance to them, but to sing them, and on Sunday—ah, that is damning! We shudder, in fact, as we think of the innocent Kansas children who week after week have been singing these same immoral tunes and unconsciously becoming perverts. Though they but hum them the perversion goes on, as it is the music, not the words, which is immoral. Heart-rending, is it not? And what can be said of Kansas parents, or of parents anywhere, indeed, who, hearing a waltz air trip from the vocal cords of their offspring, fail to acquaint them with the insidious sin of it? Are such parents fit to guide the young of the land? It is not possible. Parents with a sense of repentance will procure at once a metronome, set it near the family organ, and permit nothing faster than *largo* in Sabbath-day singing. The sanctity of the home must be preserved. This two-step "gathering by the river" has got to stop.

DOMESTIC HERALDRY. If it may be said without rhetorical offense, the recently established American College of Heraldry promises to fill a long-felt want. We don't know of a longer. The old custom of letting the carriage-painter select one's coat-of-arms was not without advantage. There was a large stock of beautiful designs, and the

choice was generally in good taste; but the thing was haphazard and unofficial. So was the plan of choosing one's crest from a stationery catalogue. The Condensed Ham magnate from Chicago and the Cast Steel potentate from Pittsburgh might both choose a device already appropriated by a New York gentleman whose grandfather made it in hides and tallow. One excellent lady, prominent in the councils of our smartest ancestral society, was annoyed to learn, after her new crest had attained some publicity, that it had been designed originally to celebrate the virtues of a toilet soap. The soap was excellent—though it shall be nameless here—but its crest was highly unsuitable for a lady's purpose. It was a tasty thing in crests, but much too new. With a College of Heraldry to advise and to maintain a system of registration, irritating little collisions of this sort will be avoided. The devices now in use, mostly chosen after one or other of the methods indicated above, should be set aside and a fair, new start made under the auspices of this deserving institution.

TOOTHPICK JOURNALISM. MEN who supply the toothpick market have resolved to join hands. Announcements made in the daily papers estimate their total output at one hundred million picks per day. Consequently, the next announcement will appear in the Sunday supplements. Summoning their trained experts, the Sunday editors will do their whole duty. They will do it, moreover, with particular zest, as the inspiring power of one hundred million toothpicks will be quite irresistible. And, watching the Sunday papers for results, we may shortly profit by their conclusions. It will surprise us greatly if it is not shown in a week or two that the hundred million picks, if placed in a straight line, would reach from Boothbay Harbor, Maine, to Walla Walla, Washington. Or that, built in the form of a skyscraper, they would cause the Woolworth Building to resemble a prairie sod-hut. Or that, concen-

trated in logs, they would provide the United States with open fires for six days twelve hours and thirty-six minutes. Some editors may even find a way to tip an ocean liner on end and compare it with the toothpicks in platoon formation. But at all events, Sunday journalism will handle the subject in an adequate manner, and Science, incalculably richer, will bless it.

THE SCORCHING NUISANCE.

THE seizure of the public highways by those persons who are able to own their own juggernauts is one of those many signs that the public is too good-natured. If the gentleman with a mile-a-minute machine were to try to lay a track along the roadway he would, of course, be stopped. Yet that would conduce to public safety, since his route would then be known and the wayfaring man enabled to avoid it. As it is, the automobilophile may go where he will and where he is least expected, frightening decent horses into scandalous misbehavior and winging the casual pedestrian who never knows from which quarter the trouble may come. Just when the public will take steps to recover its rights is uncertain. One certainty, however, is that no relief will be afforded voluntarily by the offender, for the sole sport to be had from an automobile is in "scorching" it. As a device of utility its merits are incontestable. But for pleasure riding, if only moderate speed may be had, it is sadder than the saddest merry-go-round. Than riding at eight miles an hour in an automobile it is more exciting to sit in a Harlem flat when the steam-heater rattles and the gasolene stove pervades. In the latter diversion, too, there is no risk that one will have to walk back. One is always there. This is the automobile fancier's excuse for fast going, and once his exuberance is restrained by law he will reduce his machine from one of pleasure to one of bare utility. Meantime, for the protection of those who have come to find life out-of-doors much like a perpetual crossing of invisible railroad tracks, we need an augmented corps of motor-cycle police.



DOMESTIC TRIALS.

THE WAITRESS WHOSE FRIENDS CALL HER UP FOR A CHAT.

AT THE PLAY.

LD PARTY.—My friend, the scene is certainly pathetic, but I see no cause why a grown-up man like you should shed tears. The actor is not *really* dead.

THE OTHER PARTY (*from behind his handkerchief*).—That's what's the matter! I know he isn't. I am the author of this piece, and he has butchered the most artistic part.

A RECORD OF PROFITS.

HE (*puzzling over wife's check-book*).—Why, my dear, I can't make head or tail out of these stubs. They foot up more than you ever had in bank.

SHE.—Oh, that's all right, dear! I just used the stubs to keep tab on what the things were *before* they were marked down, so as to show how much I made; don't you see?

A LESSON IN MORALS.

MOTHER.—Now, Willy, you told me a falsehood. Do you know what happens to little boys who tell falsehoods?

WILLY (*sheepishly*).—No, ma'am.

MOTHER.—Why, a big black man with only one eye in the centre of his forehead comes along and flies with him up to the moon and makes him pick sticks for the balance of his life. Now, you will never tell a falsehood again, will you? It is awfully wicked!

IF FINDING fault were a useful occupation, a great many people would have no difficulty in deciding what they were created for.

NO MATTER ABOUT THE VICTIM.

CRUMMER.—I see that a woman was killed in the crush at a bargain-counter yesterday.

MRS. CRUMMER.—Dear me! What bargains were for sale?



LITERALLY TRUE.

COHEN.—Could you lend me ten dollars, Jake, until next week?

GOLDBERG.—It hurts me to say I can't, Abe. I got quinsy sore-throat!

It is an excellent thing to have a conscience; but it should not be allowed to get beyond your control.



JUST ABOUT.

STRAPHANGER.—I've ridden a mile without a seat!
CONDUCTOR.—The company has you skinned a mile, then!

A QUIET TIME.

MR. AKENHED," said the eminent specialist on nervous disorders, severely, "it is useless for you to expect to derive benefit from my treatment unless you consent to follow my directions. I recommended you to go to the quiet hamlet of Lonesomehurst and spend at least six months in strict retirement, and yet I find you back in the turmoil and excitement of the city in less than four weeks."

"The trouble, Doctor," replied the patient, "is that the monotony of a quiet, uneventful country existence is more than I can endure. In this short time we have had fourteen different cooks, one of whom was discharged for setting fire to the house while intoxicated, another for assaulting me with a frying-pan, and a third for poisoning us, whether accidentally or maliciously I do not know. I have been

mixed up in four different runaway accidents and twice bitten by dogs. Because of my kindness of heart, I was drawn into an elopement episode which resulted in my being shot at and narrowly missed by the bride's father, who claimed that he was near-sighted and mistook me for the groom. One night somebody hung a total stranger to a tree on the lawn. About the same time, a tramp burned the barn and several out-buildings. A large tree was blown down so near the house that the piazza roof was crushed in. I was arrested three times for unknowingly violating some of the rural laws. My wife's mother was thrown from a carriage in front of the house and fatally injured. There was a small-pox scare in the neighborhood about half the time and a mad dog fright every now and then. Taking it all in all, I finally concluded that the turmoil and excitement of city life was less enervating than the peace and quiet of a monotonous country existence."

THE HEAVENLY MUSIC.

"COME right in," quoth St. Peter to the newly-arrived Shade. "When you have got your wings step right over and receive your player-piano."

The new arrival looked puzzled.

"My player-piano?" he ejaculated incredulously. "I thought you gave out harps here."

"We did until recently," said the kindly Saint. "But there were so many complaints—new-comers from earth said it would take them so long to learn to play on them—that we decided to give out player-pianos instead. It's not so bad, we find, when one gets used to it."

"And this is Paradise!" mused the new arrival. "In the apartment-house where I lived on earth I used to kick because there were four of them—only four." Here he sighed deeply.

IT is needless to say that things needless to say constitute a large proportion of the things that are said.

Other people knowing what is best for him has made many a boy wish he had been born an orphan without friends or relatives.

CONFESSION.

I GRANT we wandered off alone,
And stayed until the falling dew;
But, dear, I only went because
I fancied that she looked like you.

I grant my arm around her waist
Unwisely strayed. What could I do?
I had to draw her close to see
If, in the dusk, she looked like you.

I grant upon her cheek I pressed
A single kiss—no more? Well, two.
You never were content with one,
And she—she looked so much like you!

Bentley Parker.

A PERFECT CINCH.

"WHAT a very fortunate woman Mrs. Tipper is! Her husband never spares expense in gratifying her every wish."

"Is he so very rich?"

"No; but Mrs. Tipper is one of those enviable people who can have hysterics at will."



CONTRADICTION.

THE CUR.—You look like a lion and you act like a lion, but you're afraid to come down here on the street!

THE SECRET OF DRESS.

IT is the little things that count," said Major Head, didactically; and it was evident from his confident tone that his rather ordinary fancy masked immense intelligence; "it is the little things that count in dress—things that most men think nothing of.

"Now, it is wonderful what a rich, handsome cravat will do toward making a man look well dressed. Then there is the hat—gives a man a stamp right off. You take a man's hat—and his shoes—and he cannot have them too nice; he can't be too particular about them—or his gloves. Another little thing is the linen—let it be of the finest and freshest, and it gives a tone to a man's whole appearance. Then there's the hose—let them be of silk—it's only a couple of dollars difference, and it has its effect on the *tout ensemble* more than people suppose. And lots of people are not particular enough about their overcoats—you can't be too particular. These are little things, gentlemen; but if a man will pay attention to them—why, you let him wear a proper suit and rich, tasty jewelry, and with money in his pocket and good manners he can go anywhere.

WHEREIN THE IMPROVEMENT LIES.

MRS. SAUERS.—Among the barbarous people of the earth a man can have as many wives as he desires, while civilization limits each man to one. Now, you can't tell me but that civilization makes man better morally.

MR. SAUERS.—Not necessarily. It merely gives him better sense.



THE MATERIALIST VIEWPOINT.

SMALL NEPHEW.—Are you going to heaven when you die, Auntie?

FAT AUNT.—Of course, dear.

SMALL NEPHEW.—My, what a pair of wings it'll take for you!

A STORY WITH TWO MORALS.

"IN my asylum," said the doctor, "there lives an inmate who is laboring under the harmless delusion that he is a teapot. It injures no one for him to walk through the wards with one arm outstretched, the hand pointing thus, spout-fashion, the other arm akimbo as a handle; so in that attitude I allow him to roam freely through the asylum—a sane, agreeable man, save for the one delusion. The other day he said to me: 'Doctor, I want to talk to you about that patient over yonder. He's been talking to me, and I find he thinks he's a gold-fish. I can't see why it wouldn't be easy to cure him of that. Throw him in the water! Then he'll know whether he's a fish or not.' 'What would you do,' I asked, 'with a man that thinks he's a teapot?'"

"With hand on hip, right arm a spout: 'But, Doctor, *I am a teapot!*' says my patient."

"That's a queer delusion," said one of the doctor's listeners. "But it's no queerer than a man I know of who thinks he's a cracker-jar; he eats crackers all day."

"That's nothing," said the second listener. "I know a man who thinks that he's a decanter, and he's in no asylum—not yet."

HE PLAYED NO FAVORITES.

THE TRAMP ELEPHANT (*in jungle restaurant*).—You may bring me a bale of hay, garson!

THE WAITER GIRAFFE.—Yes, sir. Clover or timothy?

THE TRAMP ELEPHANT (*haughtily*).—It does n't matter which—I'm not paid to tout any special brand!



THE CLINGING VINE.

THE FAIR ONE.—Oh, dearest, when your strong arms are around me I feel as though nothing in the world could harm me!

HIS NEW YEAR'S CALL.



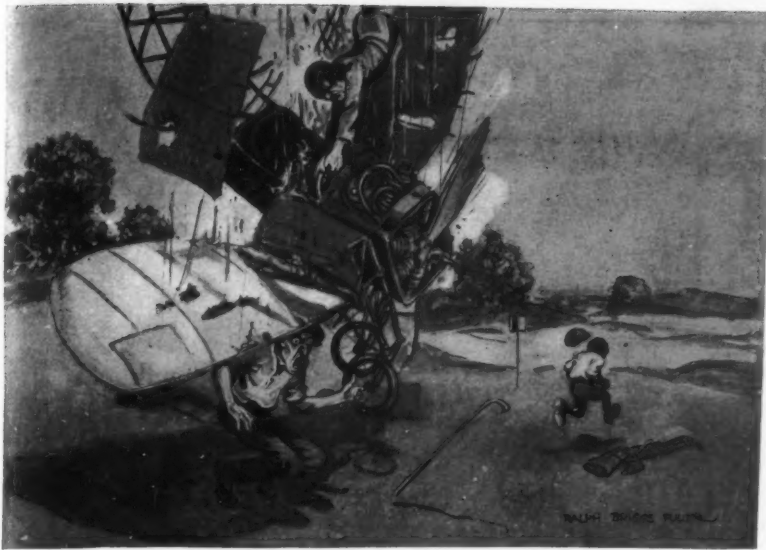
1850.

THE GIRL OF 18 AND THE MAN OF 20.



1914.

THE GIRL OF 82 AND THE MAN OF 84



IN THE NECK.

GOLFER.—Confound you! Why did n't you shout "Fore!"



THE BEST BEAU.

ELL, my sister's got a beau,
An' he comes 'most ev'ry night,
An' he wants the gas so low
That there's hardly any light!
An' Nell likes him lots, I guess,
'Cause she watches on the sly,
An' takes hours an' hours to dress
An' is alluz sweet as pie.

I must call him "Mr. Fenn;"
An' Nell calls him "Mister," too,
'Cept when they're alone, an' then
She keeps gigglin' at him: "Lew!"
But one time I sneaked up near
When they thought I was n't 'round,
An' I heard her call him "dear"—
An' a funny kissin' sound!

He can throw a snake-curve ball,
An' can mew an' bark an' quack,
An' he does n't mind at all
When I pin things on his back.
Often evenin's when he comes
I'm downstairs after eight
While he helps me do my sums,
Tho' Nell fidgets 'cause it's late.

Oncet when he was here I said:
"Say! Why don't you marry Nell?"
An' they sent me straight to bed
'Fore he had a chance to tell!
But I'll ask again, sometime,
'Cause Miss Sommers wants to know;
An' she says she'll bet a dime
That he's only jest a beau!

E. L. S.

A NON-BELIEVER.

MRS. FIDGET (*as she lays down her novel*).—These ghost stories are silly. Just as if any one would believe them!
MR. FIDGET.—Yes, that's so. But you had better go to bed now, dear. It's after eleven o'clock, and I'll have to be up for a couple of hours yet.
MRS. FIDGET.—WHAT! Go to bed *alone*, after reading that book? Not much!

CREDULOUS.

"YEP," said Enoch Flint, lounging comfortably on the porch of the Squam Corners grocery, "when I was over to Russetville I seen a mighty queer critter that they called a calf, for want of a better name. Its mother was a cow, an' it had the body an' legs of a calf, an' the feet, wings, and bill of a goose. On its head it had feathers in the place o' hair. In the daytime it blats like a calf, an' at night it honks like a goose."
"Wal, I'll be gol-twisted!" ejaculated Jason Squanch. "I must go right home and tell mother about that."

"Now look here, Mr. Flint," remonstrated the Drummer, after Jason had departed, "what under the sun did you mean by telling that fellow such an improbable yarn as that? You did n't expect him to believe it, did you?"

"Of course he believes it!" responded the veracious Enoch, cheerily. "That chap is a Prohibitionist an' a Spiritualist, an' 'll believe anything."

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

"SIR," said the man in the orchestra chair, "in passing to and fro you have ruined my silk hat."

"I cannot help that, sir," said the other. "If you had gone out between the acts yourself your hat would not have suffered!"

VANITY, VANITY!

MR. WOOLERTON.—Yes, sah; mah wife's vanity done got me put in jail wunst.

MR. YALLERBY.—How come dat?

MR. WOOLERTON.—Well, yo' see, Ah done borrowed a fowl outen Colonel Gunnerton's henhouse one night, an' mah wife 'sisted on wearing de wing fedders in huh bonnet. De colonel knew de wings, an' had me jugged fer stealin' de fowl!

HIS PLAN.

"How is it, colonel?" asked the hopeful young bunco-steerer, addressing the hoary-headed master of the craft, "that you have always been so successful in picking out juicy suckers, and never have to waste your time on unprofitable subjects?"

"I simply wait till I hear a man say that he is a pretty good judge of human nature," replied the veteran, "and then I know he is just what I am looking for."

BEYOND THE STYX.

PLATO.—Let me see: They condemned you to die, but permitted you to choose the manner of your death. Am I right?

SOCRATES.—That's right. I told them hemlock juice was my poison. I said ice-cream first, but they made me guess again.

WONDERFUL it is what rapid progress the world makes, considering that we are all doing something or other to retard it.

IF TO the pure all things are pure, recent food analyses seem to be a serious reflection on our characters.



WESTPHALIAN HAMS.

However hard it may be to live on a small salary, it is a good deal harder to die on one.



THE PUCK PRESS

CURSED BY THOSE WHOSE SAVINGS HE HAS SQUANDERED

*This cartoon appeared in PUCK at the time of the life-insurance scandal
 "High-Finance" Looter of the New York*



SQUANDERED AND WHOSE TRUST HE HAS BETRAYED.

the life-insurance scandal. Still more applicable is it to the former
 voter of the New Haven Railway system.

HERE AND THERE IN STAGELAND.



THURSDAY AFTERNOON OUT. [SEE PAGE FIFTEEN.]

AN ABBREVIATED TRAGEDY.

HER PA, you see, was a rich M.D.,
Likewise a K. of P.
Ma was a star of the D.A.R.,
A B.S., Vassar, she.

In London town, seeking fresh renown,
She took a course, P.G.
Loved a Briton fine of ancient line,
With coveted cross, V.C.

Then she sailed away one tearful day,
Sent C.O.D. from sea:
"Somewhat worried; bet pa 'll be flurried;
Oh dear, R.S.V.P.!"

His reply so kind relieved her mind,
And P.D.Q. was he,
She hardly harked to the terse remark:
"Please, miss, it's C.O.D.!"

Her pa, oh shame! wrote for terms—they came:
"One million, F.O.B."
But her pa said: "Well, I will like h—!"
Quick curtain. Q.E.D.

Roberts DeSaussure Newball.

RANDOM REMARKS.

AN Irishman recently spoke of a man who had
tried in every way, but could n't commit
suicide to save his life.

IT is all well enough to talk about a needle
being lost in a haystack, but it would n't be
lost long if you were to walk on the hay in your
bare feet.

THE race-track starter is the man who is taken
at his word.

WE are told by an authority that boxing im-
proves the eye. Perhaps it does; but we
have seen men come out of a boxing set-to
with both eyes spoiled.

THE equilibrist's life hangs in the balance.

IT is a high compliment to the artist's skill in
painting flesh when a mosquito attacks one
of his portraits.

A MAN never knows all the penalties of living in
the rural districts until he wakes up some
fine morning, after a heavy
shower, and finds his
carriage-road
washed over on
his neighbor's
lawn.



ONLY ONE THING MORE.

ATLAS (to *Parcels Postman*).—Say, old man,
take this too, will you?



LITTLE AH WUNG'S IDEA OF GRANDPA IN HEAVEN.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT.

CALLING ATTENTION TO A WAY OF ADVERTISING THAT
DOESN'T REQUIRE ANY MONEY.

REUB CITY, INDIANA.—The *Reub City Herald*
has offered a prize of \$100,000 to the
aviator who will start from the *Herald* office on
Upper Main Street, and fly to Bombay and
back by way of Alaska.

DOODLEVILLE, TENN.—A rich event for the
airmen has just been announced by the editor
of the *Doodleville Bugle*. The *Bugle* offers a
prize of \$250,000 to any aviator who will
start from the *Bugle* office and carry a letter
from the editor to the Grand Llama of Tibet
at Lhasa.

EAST OUTFIT, VERMONT.—The *Clarion*
created a sensation among its readers to-day
by announcing that it will offer a reward of
\$500,000 and a year's subscription to the
winner of an aeroplane race from the roof of the
Clarion Building on Main Street to and around
the Egyptian Sphinx and return. All the promi-
nent aviators are expected to send in their
entries.

HEEHAW CENTER, KANSAS.—The *Heehaw*
Center *Bee* has come out with a staggering
offer which has occasioned tremendous excite-
ment hereabouts. A business boom has sud-
denly arisen in consequence, and Main Street
never looked so lively. An influx of aviators
and their followers is daily expected as a result
of the *Bee's* unprecedented offer. In fact, it is
inconceivable that they can possibly stay away
in the face of the opportunity which awaits
them. What the *Bee* offers is a prize of \$1,000,000
and a season ticket to the Alfalfa County Fair
to the victor of an airship race, the contestants
to start in the atmosphere over Heehaw Centre
Town Hall and to fly twice around the world
without stopping. Entry blanks are printed on
the first page of the *Bee's* current issue.

ON HIS GUARD.

LAWYER.—You have an excellent case, sir.
CLIENT.—But a friend of mine said he
had an exactly similar case and you were the
lawyer on the other side and you beat him.

LAWYER.—Yes, I remember that; but I will
see that no such game is played this time.

The man who does n't know when he is well off need n't worry—plenty of
people will tell him.

Club Cocktails

THERE'S many a man who has built a rare reputation as a mixologist who lets us do his mixing for him and keeps his sideboard stocked with Club Cocktails.

Made from better materials than a bar cocktail is apt to be.

Mixed to measure;—not to guess work—as a bar cocktail always is.

Softened by aging before bottling—as no bar cocktail can be.

At All Dealers

G. F. Houbin & Bro.
Sole Props.
Hartford
New York
London



"THESE magazines are so helpful."
"What is the latest?"
"Here in the 'Home Hints' they tell you how to make a lovely Suffragette bomb out of an old tomato-can."—*Courier-Journal.*

POPULARITY COUNTS.

Michelangelo beckoned to Rembrandt.

"I see they've found another of your pictures, Remmy."

The master sighed. "They found four last week," he said, "and five the week before. Funny, isn't it?"

"That's where the boys who write have the best of you daubers," said John Milton. "You don't hear of any *Paradise Losts* being found in out-of-the-way places."

"Nor any *Pilgrim's Progresses*," added John Bunyan.

"Nor any *Hamlets*," put in Will Shakspeare. Rembrandt smiled.

"No," he answered, "I don't. All these discoveries seem to depend on present market values." And pulling his big velour hat over his eyes he waved his hand and stalked away. — *Plain Dealer.*

EXPLAINED.

"Atkins," said the sergeant, angrily, "why haven't you shaved this morning?"

"Ain't I shaved?" asked Atkins, in apparent surprise.

"No, you're not," insisted the sergeant, "and I want to know why."

"Well, you see, sergeant," replied the soldier, "there was a dozen of us using the same mirror, and I must have shaved some other man." — *New York Mail.*

SUNNY BROOK

THE PURE FOOD WHISKEY

"The Inspector Is Back Of Every Bottle"

"Show me your friends and I will tell you who you are," is a saying old and true. No beverage ever had such a large circle of **Loyal** friends as **Sunny Brook—The Pure Food Whiskey**. Its popularity is not limited to any particular section—**Sunny Brook** is a **universal favorite everywhere**. It is a **safe, sane, satisfying stimulant**, and this, combined with its **exquisite flavor, rich mellowness, and high tonic properties**, have earned for **Sunny Brook** its world-wide supremacy.

Sunny Brook is bottled under the Green Government Stamp—unmistakable proof that it is **straight, natural whiskey—100% U. S. Standard**—besides **Sunny Brook** carries the **guarantee** of the **Largest Distillers of Fine Old Whiskey in the World**, that it is **scientifically distilled, and aged, in the good, old, honest, Sunny Brook way**.

SUNNY BROOK is now bottled with our own patented "Twister" stoppers. One twist uncorks or re-corks the bottle tight. No Need for Cork Screws.

LOOK FOR THE INSPECTOR ON THE LABEL

OUR PRESIDENT!



From a Copyright Photograph by Fred Stone, N. Y.

PUCK'S PORTRAIT OF Hon. Woodrow Wilson

In Colors Size 14x21 inches Price Ten Cents

SECURELY WRAPPED AND MAILED ANYWHERE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE

ALL patriotic Americans should have a copy of this life-like picture, which has been pronounced by competent critics to be the finest portrait on the market of the President.

Address **PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette St., New York**

MISTAKEN IMPRESSION.

"Well," said Slocum, "I see that President Wilson has signed the tariff bill, and it has become a law."

"It's a law, all right," replied Bill, "but Wilson did n't sign it."

"Did n't sign it?"
"No, the daily papers say he 'affixed his signature.'"—*Indianapolis News.*

DIPLOMATIC MOVE.

"What makes you so anxious to send Three-finger Sam to the Legislature? He is n't so very popular."

"No. We citizens of Crimson Gulch figured that it would be a great savin' to the general community to get a poker-player like Sam located somewhere else."—*Washington Star.*

GETTING IT STRAIGHT.

"After all," said Mr. Kwoter, "it's a true saying that 'he laughs best who laughs last.'"

"Not at all," replied Wise. "The true saying is: 'He laughs best whose laugh lasts.'"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

IMPOSSIBILITY.

"No man can serve two masters," observed the good parson who was visiting the penitentiary.

"I know it," replied Convict 1313. "I'm in here for bigamy."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"WHAT is the charge?" asked the sergeantress.

"Carrying concealed weapons," replied Officeress Mayme Hogan. "We found this cage of mice hidden under his coat."—*Evening Post.*

JACK.—My mother paid nine dollars for this coat.

JILL.—My mother has a charge account. She never pays for anything. —*Collier's Weekly.*

EVOLUTION.



I.
Showing the Zulu warrior, Wowwow, making his first appearance at the summer amusement garden.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

FROM your knowledge of eggs, would you think there could be a corner in them? — *Wall Street Journal.*

SHORT SIXES;

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. ✱ ✱

By H. C. BUNNER, late Editor of Puck.

ILLUSTRATED.

Per Volume, Cloth, \$1.00

Address **PUCK, N. Y.**



I knew Old Overholt Rye when I was a boy. Its place on the side-board was never vacant and never filled by any other whiskey.

When I close my eyes and sip good

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 Years"

I see the scenes of those early days as though painted

by a master hand. It is one of the few things I knew then that has not changed.

Pure and delicious now as in the days of Webster and Jackson.

Aged in the wood and bottled in bond.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



"DON'T you want good roads?"

"Oh, I dunno," replied the man who was whittling a pine stick. "I got no horse er wagon, and there ain't no place around here that's worth goin' to."—*Washington Star*.

"It is better to have a light purse than a heavy heart," said the Wise Guy.

"Yes, but it is still better to split the difference," said the Simple Mug.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"THAT young Rawlins stays till a very late hour, Nora. What does your mother say about it?"

"She says men have n't altered a bit, papa."—*London Opinion*.

ABISHAI.—Who's running the old brown farm now?

HIRAM.—Eliphalet. The son that took up literature ez a profession! —*The Globe*.



II.

And how he looked when he arrived home in Darkest Africa in November.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

A CITY LULLABY.

Street-car clanging e'er attend thee,
Automobile toots befriend thee,
Noisy steampipe slumber lend thee!

Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
Squalling feline aid thy slumber,
Riveters thy sense encumber,
Whistles soothe thee, any number!
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!
Hucksters crying lend thee shrillness,
Wagons rattling break the stillness,
Engines guard thee from an illness!
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

—*Inter-Ocean*.

THE OTHER WAY.

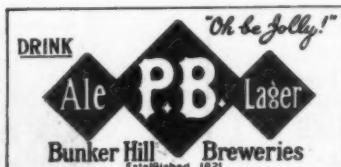
"So the Youngweds have separated? I suppose it was because he could n't support her in the style to which she was accustomed?"

"Say, rather, because she could n't accustom herself to the style in which he could support her."—*Boston Transcript*.

MRS. HEIGHO.—Old Jonas Hard-scrabble fell off the roof of his house while he wuz shingling it.

MRS. WHYSO.—Did n't his wife feel awful?

MRS. HEIGHO.—Awful is no name for it—he fell right into her bed of sweet peas.—*Houston Post*.



Drink P. B. Ale

It has a flavor as distinctive as the flavor of a choice vintage wine. Malty and Hoppy. Bottled at the brewery. Send for price list.

A. G. VAN NOSTRAND,
Bunker Hill Breweries, Established 1821
BOSTON, MASS.
PARK & TILFORD, New York Agents.

THE NEW STUDY.

What care folks for tautology,
High prices or bugology,
When they can go
And from a show
Learn all about sexology?

—*Boston Globe*.

HARDLY BEGUN.

"Your society started out to decide a number of questions of importance."

"Yes. We arranged to consider the manifestation of the psychic impulse in protoplasmic life and the molecular energy developed by the prismatic transmutation of light waves."

"And have you done so?"

"No. We've only been in session a week. We have n't yet decided the question of who's boss."—*Exchange*.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA.

Theatres we have, but lack three trifling factors:

Some dramatists, a public, and good actors.

—*Evening Mail*.

GOOD CONTROL.

"That man has a wonderfully well-trained memory."

"Yes. He can make it remember anything he chooses."—*Wash. Star*.

"OFFICER," said the householder, "there's a burglar in my home."

"I ain't got nothing to do with burglars," responded the policeman. "I'm on the traffic squad."—*Washington Herald*.

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Two traveling men reached a small place in Alabama late one evening and found that there was no room to be had at the hotel, says *The Argonaut*. The proprietor did not want to disappoint them, as they were regular patrons, so he told them that he would send some bedding over to an old church he had just bought and make them as comfortable as possible there. About midnight the whole town was startled by the furious ringing of the church bell. An old colored man was sent by the proprietor to see what was the matter. Soon he came back. "Massa boss!" he exclaimed. "Massa boss! Jes' cam' yo'self. 'T wa'n't nothin' but de gemmen in pew twenty-six ringin' fo' a drink!"

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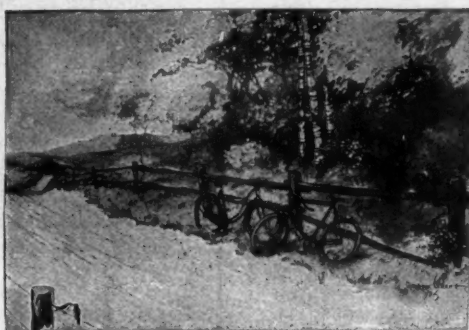
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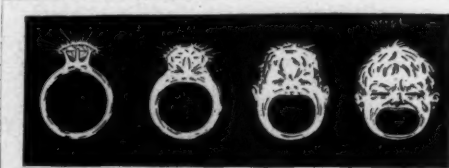
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TAKE a
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tango, you
Grace—the
has just sa
wine to dr
has promis
it is red, t
Morris, do
like the re
of refined
Street on t
the Night a
quite unusu
to come at
she knows
at Sing Lee
fined crim
her to Chis
the interior
fable, and
of Chinatow
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BERNHIM DISTILLING CO.
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To Get on the Right Side of
Grandfather Time welcome
him with good old

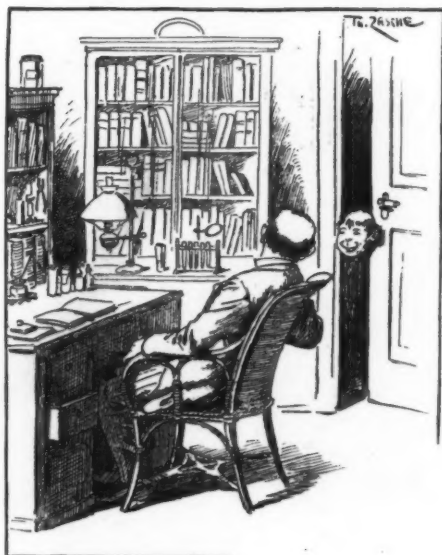
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The beverage that will help to make
1914 what you want it to be.
1786 Ring out the Old, ring in the New,
To Evans' Ale be ever true, **1914**
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C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

"MEXICO FOR MEXICANS!" howls one
of them. Well, are there any other bids?
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

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NOT VERY SERIOUS.



"Doctor, come over to our house right away."
"Why, who's sick over there?"
"Me!"

W. Luft.

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"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
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Thursday Afternoon Out.

[SEE PAGE TEN.]

TAKE a good look at the boxfull of ladies above, and perhaps you may discover your cook among them. For, if she is not off learning the tango, you will find her, on her Thursday out, at a ten-twenty-thirty. Grace—they are always "Grace"—the heroine of this particular thriller, has just said to the villain in clear, ringing tones: "I have not took this wine to drink, but to insult your insolence!" Whereupon Grace, who has promised her dead grandmother never to look upon the wine when it is red, throws the glass of drugged licker right in the face of *Walter Morris*, down on the program as "a refined criminal." For Grace is "not like the rest"—having never tasted wine—and abhors the attentions of refined criminals like *Walter Morris*. The next scene is labeled "Side Street on the Bowery," and shows the exterior of the Louvre with "Spend the Night at Fiegeleman's Elite Baths" off at one side. Hither comes Grace, quite unsuspecting, having received an anonymous message begging her to come at midnight to *Sing Lee's* Chinese joint in Doyers Street. For all she knows her poor old mother and ailing sister may be sick, even dying, at *Sing Lee's* opium joint. Little does she guess that *Walter Morris*, refined criminal, and *Mona St. Clair*, adventures, not so refined, have lured her to Chinatown with intention of selling her to *Sing Lee*. Next we see the interior of *Sing Lee's* opium cellar. A hat-rack, a davenport, a kitchen table, and a Billiken—the god of the Chinaman—give the true atmosphere of Chinatown. Even the scenery quivers with passion. Unless, on the stroke of twelve, Grace consents to be the bride of *Sing Lee*, she must prepare to die as a sacrifice to the heathen god Billiken. Never! Better

DEEP BREATHING

By D. O. Harrell, M.D.

I BELIEVE we must all admit that deep breathing is a very desirable practice. Furthermore, we know it to be a fact that not one person in twenty, or perhaps one person in a hundred, really breathes deeply. Every physician can verify the statement that we are daily called upon to prescribe drugs for ailments that owe their cause directly to insufficient and improper breathing—Oxygen Starvation.

Breathing is the Vital Force of Life. Every muscle, nerve cell, in fact every fibre of our body, is directly dependent upon the air we breathe. Health, Strength and Endurance are impossible without well-oxygenated blood. The food we eat must combine with abundant oxygen before it can become of any value to the body. Breathing is to the body what free draught is to the steam boiler. Shut off the draught, and you will kill your fire, no matter how excellent coal you use. Similarly, if you breathe shallowly, you must become anæmic, weak and thin, no matter how carefully you may select your diet.

I might continue indefinitely to cite examples of the great physiological value of deep breathing. For instance, it is a well-known fact that worry, fear, and intense mental concentration practically paralyze the breathing muscles. This depressing condition can be entirely overcome through conscious deep breathing.

The main benefit of physical exercise lies in the activity it gives the lungs. What we term "lack of healthful exercise" in reality means insufficient lung action. Exercise that does not compel vigorous deep breathing is of little real value. Unfortunately, few persons have the strength and endurance to exercise violently enough to stir the lungs into rapid action. This is especially true of women and also of men who have permitted their muscles to become weak. Common sense, therefore, dictates that the lungs should be exercised independently through deep breathing gymnastics.

—Puck.

Unfortunately, few persons have the slightest conception of what is really meant by deep breathing. In fact, few physicians thoroughly understand the act. Ask a dozen different physical instructors to define deep breathing, and you will receive a dozen different answers. One tells you it means the full expansion of the chest, another tells you it means abdominal breathing, the third declares it means diaphragmatic breathing, and so on.

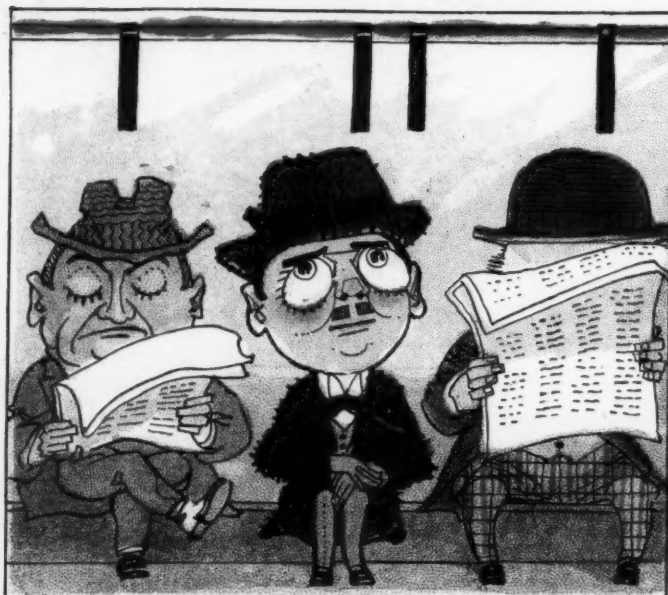
Recently there has been brought to my notice a brochure on this important subject of respiration, that to my knowledge for the first time really treats the subject in a thoroughly scientific and practical manner. I refer to the booklet entitled "Deep Breathing," by Paul von Boeckmann, R.S. In this treatise, the author describes proper breathing, so that even the most uninformed layman can get a correct idea of the act. The booklet contains a mass of common sense teachings on the subject of Deep Breathing, and "Internal Exercise." The author has had the courage to think for himself, and to expose the weaknesses in our modern systems of physical culture.

I believe this booklet gives us the real key to constitutional strength. It shows us plainly the danger of excessive exercise, that is, the danger of developing the external body at the expense of the internal body. The author's arguments are so logical it is self-evident that his theories must be based upon vast experience. Personally, I know that his teachings are most profoundly scientific and thoroughly practical, for I have had occasion to see them tested with a number of my patients.

The booklet to which I refer can be obtained upon payment of ten cents in coin or stamps by addressing Dr. von Boeckmann directly at 2610 Tower Bldg., 110 W. 40th St., New York. The simple exercises he describes therein are in themselves well worth ten times the small price demanded.

ONE MAN'S NEW-YEAR RESOLUTION.

HE RESOLVES TO BE POLITE AND GIVE UP HIS SEAT, AND THEN HE CHANGES HIS MIND.



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.